

CONFERENCE
MELODIES

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A very faint, light-colored watermark of a classical building with four columns and a pediment is visible in the background of the page.

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CONFERENCE

M E L O D I E S ,

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SONGS OF ZION.



CINCINNATI:
MOORE, ANDERSON & CO.
28 WEST FOURTH STREET.

1853.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842,

By JOHN PUTNAM,

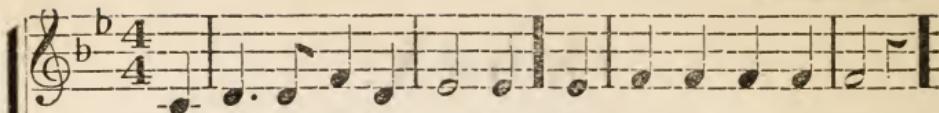
in the Clerk's office of the District Court, for the District of Massachusetts.

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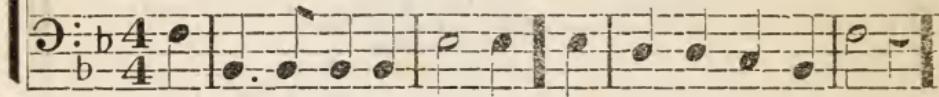
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The morning light is breaking.

Wesleyan Harp.



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears,



The sons of earth are wak-ing, To pen - i - ten-tial tears;



Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean, Brings ti-dings from a - far,





Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to Heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

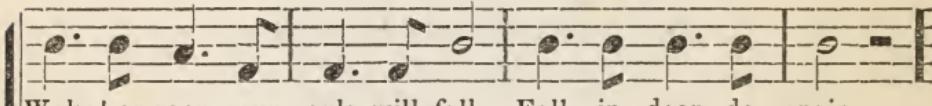
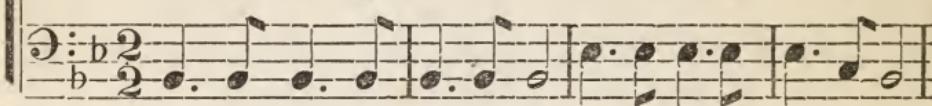
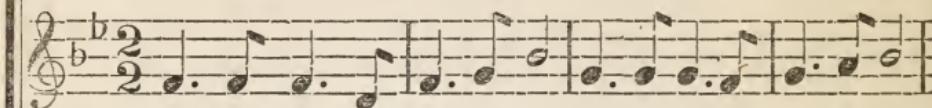
3. See heathen nations bending,
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above:
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim the Lord has come.

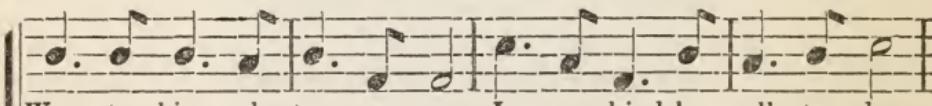
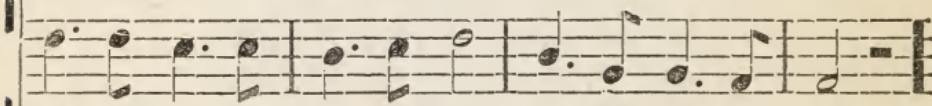
The Savior's Call.



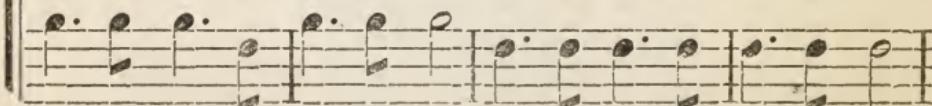
1. Rouse ye at the Savior's call! Sinners rouse ye one and all;

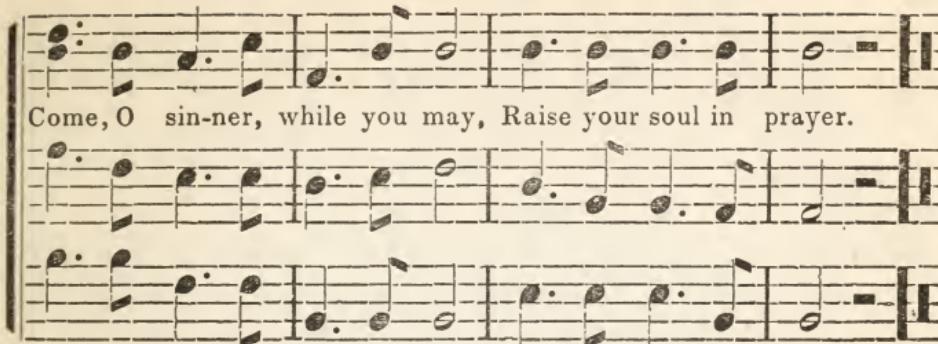


Wake! or soon your souls will fall, Fall in deep de - spair.



Woe to him who turns a - way, Je - sus kind-ly calls to - day;





2

Heard ye not the Savior cry?
 “Turn, O turn, why will you die!”
 And in keenest agony,
 Mourn too late your doom!
 Haste, for time is rushing on!
 Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
 The lifted arrow flies anon,
 To sink you in the tomb!

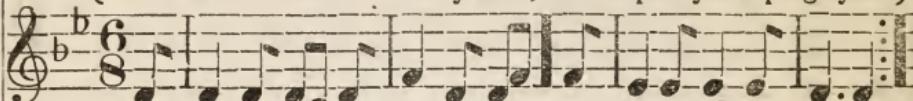
3

By the Savior’s bleeding love,
 By the joys of heaven above,
 Let these words your spirits move;
 Quick to Jesus fly!
 Come and save your souls from death,
 Haste! escape Jehovah’s wrath,
 Fly! for life’s a fleeting breath,
 Soon, O soon you’ll die.

When I can read my title clear.



1. { When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies,
 { I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. }



2. { Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 { Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. }



And wipe my weeping eyes, . . . And wipe my weeping eyes, I'll bid farewell to



And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world, Then I can smile at



ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. O that will be



Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. O that will be, &c.



joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, O that will be joyful, When we
 meet to part no more, When we meet to part no more, ... On Canaan's happy
 shore; 'Tis there we'll meet at Je-sus feet, When we meet to part no more.

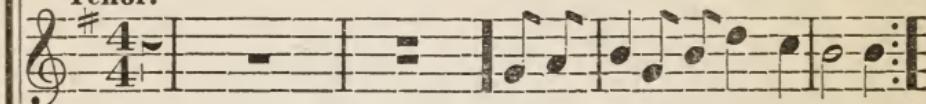
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home, My God my heaven, my all. O that will be, &c
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast. O that will be, &c.
5. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first begun, O that, &c.

Slow.

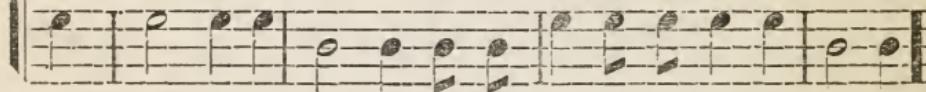
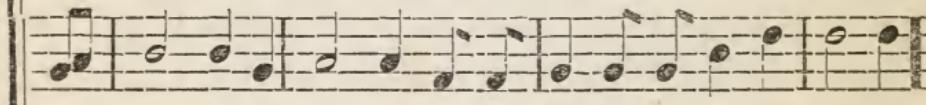


1. To-geth-er let us sweet-ly live. I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 To-geth-er let us sweet-ly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

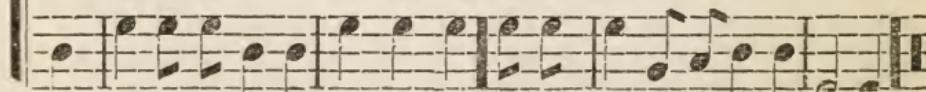
Tenor.



O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan;



O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.



2. If you get there before I do, 4. Our songs of praise shall fill the
 I am bound for the land of Canaan; skies,
 Look out for me I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan. While higher still our joys they rise,
 O, Canaan, &c. I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 O, Canaan, &c.

3. I have some friends before me 5. Then come with me, beloved
 gone, friend,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan; I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 And I'm resolved to travel on, The joys of heaven shall never end,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan; I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 O, Canaan, &c. O, Canaan, &c.



How happy is the pilgrim's lot.

1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot, And seek a city out of sight,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 How free from every anxious tho't, O Canaan, &c.
 I am bound for the land of Canaan, 4. There is my house and portion
 O Canaan! bright Canaan, fair,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 O Canaan, it is my happy home, My treasure and my heart are there,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan. I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 2. Nothing on earth I call my own, O Canaan, &c.
 I am bound for the land of Canaan, 5. For me my elder brethren stay,
 A stranger to the world unknown, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan, And angels beckon me away,
 O Canaan, &c. I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 3. I trample on the whole delight, O Canaan, &c.
 I am bound for the land of Canaan,

1. { We're trav'ling home to Heav'n a-bove— Will you
 To sing the Sa-vior's dy-ing love— Will you

And mil-lions now are on the road— Will you

go? Will you go? } Mil-lions have reach'd this
 go? Will you go?

D. C.

blest a-bode, A-noint-ed kings and priests to God.

D. C.

2

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go? Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go? Will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share! Will you go? Will you go?

3

We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,—Will you go? Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go? Will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and king,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go? Will you go?

4

Ye weary, heavy laden, come,—Will you go? Will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go? Will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come believe, O believe!

5

The way to Heaven is free for all,—Will you go? Will you go?
 For Jew and Gentile—great and small,—Will you go? Will you go?
 Make up your mind, give God your heart,
 With every sin and idol part,
 And now for glory make a start,—Come away! Come away!

6

The way to Heaven is strait and plain,—Will you go? Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go? Will you go?
 The Savior cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,"
 And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me! Come to me!

7

O, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go? I will go?
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go? Let me go?
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,—Let me go? Fare you well.

1. On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And

cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where

my pos - ses - sions lie; Where my pos - ses - sions

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '4') and has a key signature of one flat (indicated by 'b'). The middle staff is also in common time (indicated by '4') and has a key signature of one flat (indicated by 'b'). The bottom staff is in common time (indicated by '4') and has a key signature of one flat (indicated by 'b'). The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The first line of lyrics 'On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And' is aligned with the first two staves. The second line 'cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where' is aligned with the middle staff. The third line 'my pos - ses - sions lie; Where my pos - ses - sions' is aligned with the bottom staff. The lyrics 'To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where' are underlined, and the lyrics 'my pos - ses - sions lie; Where my pos - ses - sions' are also underlined.

lie, Where my pos-ses-sions lie, To

Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

2. O! the transporting rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
3. O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
4. No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

Musical notation for the first line of 'The Young Convert'. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The time signature is common time (4/4). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. When converts first be-gin to sing, Wonder, wonder, wonder, }
Their happy souls are on the wing, Glo - ry, Halle-lu-jah, }

Musical notation for the second line of 'The Young Convert'. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The time signature is common time (4/4). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Musical notation for the third line of 'The Young Convert'. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The time signature is common time (4/4). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Their theme is all re-deem-ing love, Glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Musical notation for the fourth line of 'The Young Convert'. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The time signature is common time (4/4). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Musical notation for the fifth line of 'The Young Convert'. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The time signature is common time (4/4). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Fain would they be with Christ above, Sing Glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah !

Musical notation for the sixth line of 'The Young Convert'. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The time signature is common time (4/4). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Musical notation for the seventh line of 'The Young Convert'. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The time signature is common time (4/4). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

2. With admiration they behold,
Wonder, &c.
The love of Christ that can't be
told, Glory, &c.
They view themselves upon the
shore, &c.
And think the battle all is o'er, &c. Stand fast in faith, fight for your
3. They feel themselves quite free
from pain,
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And satan is cast down to hell.
4. They wonder why old saints
don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring; And we're determined not to yield.

Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.
5. Come take up arms and face the
field,
Come gird on harness sword and
shield,
And soon the victory you shall win.
6. When Satan comes to tempt your
minds,
Then meet him with these blessed
lines—
For Christ our Lord has swept the
field,

The Lord's Prayer.



1. Our Father who art in heaven; ^ | hallow..ed | be thy—name: [ven.
Thy kingdom come, ^ | thy will be done on | earth..as it | is in | hea-
2. Give us this day ^ | our— | daily | bread; [a- | gainst— | us.
And forgive us our trespasses, ^ | as we forgive them that | trespass..
3. And lead us not into temptation, ^ | but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, ^ | and the power, ^ | and the glory, ^ | forever,
[| A— | —men.

1. { What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame. Is it death? is it
 { That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame. Is it death? is it
 death? } If this be death, I soon shall be From every pain and sorrow free,
 death? }

I shall the King of glo-ry see, All is well, All is well.

2. Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well.

My sins are pardoned, I am free.
All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Savior from my eyes.
I soon shall mount the upper skies.
All is well.

3. Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well.

I will rehearse the pleasing story
All is well.

Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.

4. Hark, hark ! my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well.

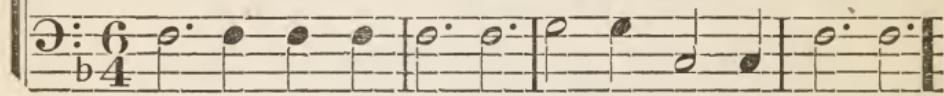
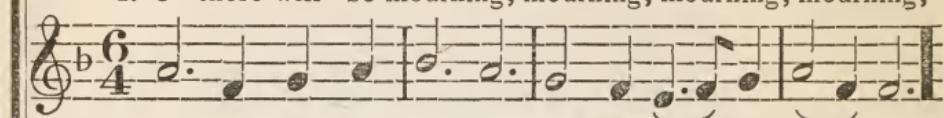
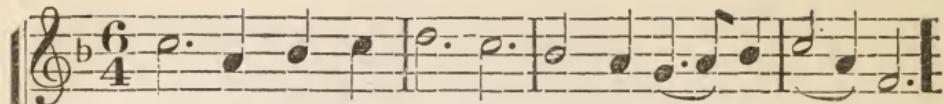
I soon shall see his face in glory,
All is well.

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you.
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well

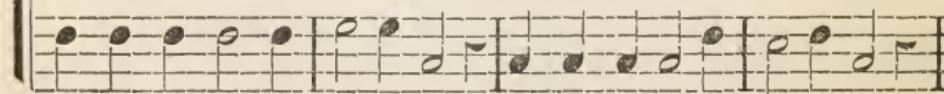
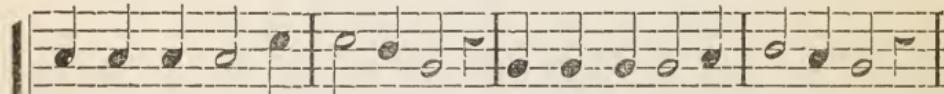
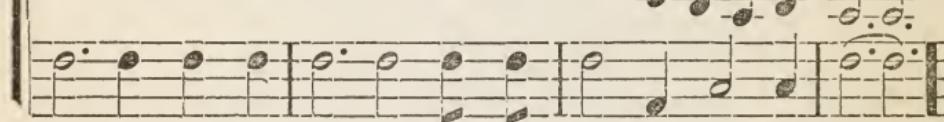
5. Hail, hail, all hail! ye blood washed throng,
Saved by grace.

I've come to join your rapturous song.
Saved by grace.

All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, hallelujah to the Lamb.
All is well.



O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ,



Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.

2. O there will be mourning, mourning mourning, mourning,
 O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
 Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part,
 Wives and husbands there will part, Will part to meet no more.

3. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
 O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
 Brothers and sisters there will part, Brothers and sisters there will part,
 Brothers and sisters there will part, Will part to meet no more.

4. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
 O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
 Friends and neighbors there will part, Friends and neighbors there will part
 Friends and neighbors there will part, Will part to meet no more. [part,

5. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
 O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
 Pastors and people there will part, Pastors and people there will part,
 Pastors and people there will part, Will part to meet no more,

6. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
 O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
 Devils and sinners there will meet, Devils and sinners there will meet,
 Devils and sinners there will meet, Will meet to part no more.

7. O there will be glory, glory, glory, glory,
 O there will be glory at the judgment seat of Christ.
 Saints and angels there will meet, Saints and angels there will meet,
 Saints and angels there will meet, Will meet to part no more.

O How happy are They.

1. O how happy are they who their Savior o - bey, And have
 laid up their treasure a - bove; Tongue can nev - er express, The sweet
 com - fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

2 That comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the
 Lamb;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know
 The angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song:
 O that all his salvation might see!
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

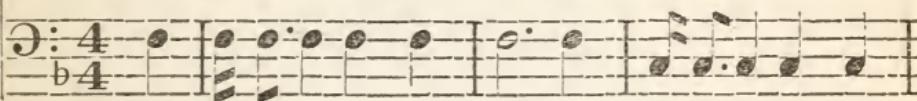
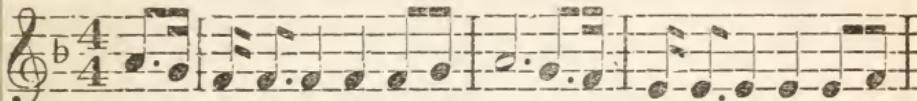
5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carried above
 Over sin, and temptation, and pain;
 And I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.

I wish you Well.

23

From Day's Revival Hymns. (by permission.)

My brother I wish you well, My brother I wish you well,
Chro. Be mentioned in the promised land, Be mentioned in the promised



well, When my Lord calls, I trust I shall Be men-tioned in the promised land.
land, When my Lord calls, I trust I shall Be men-tioned in the promised land.



1. My brother I wish you well, 2. My sister I wish you well, &c.
My brother I wish you well, 3. My father I wish you well, &c.
When my Lord calls I trust I shall 4. My mother I wish you well, &c.
Be mentioned in the promised land, 5. My neighbors I wish you well, &c

Chorus.

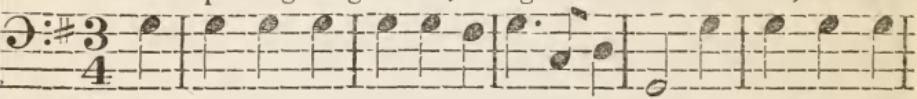
6. My pastor I wish you well, &c.
Be mentioned in the promised land, 7. Young converts I wish you well, &c.
When my Lord calls I trust I shall well, &c.
Be mentioned in the promised land. 8. Poor sinner I wish you well, &c.



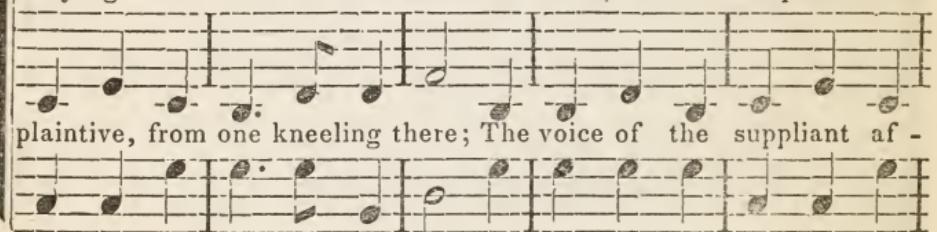
1. When nature was sinking in stillness to rest, And the last beams of



2. While passing a gar-den, I linger'd to hear A voice, faint and



day-light shone dim in the west, And the moon cast her paleness on



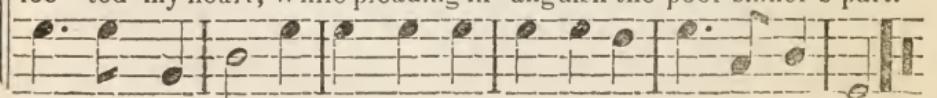
plaintive, from one kneeling there; The voice of the suppliant af-



the lone sol-i-tude, In deep med-i - ta-tion I wandered abroad.



fec - ted my heart, While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

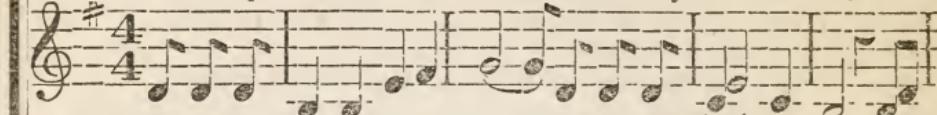


- 3 In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear,
His life as a ransom He offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.
- 4 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger could be;
When lo! I discovered, knelt on the cold ground,
The loveliest being I ever had found.
- 5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night—
His locks by pale moonlight, were glistening and bright;
His eyes, mildly beaming, to heaven were raised,
While around Him in grandeur stood angels, amazed.
- 6 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd blood, sweat and tears!
I wept to behold Him, and asked Him his name—
He answered : “‘Tis JESUS! From Heaven I came :
- 7 “I am thy REDEEMER—for thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins, which are many, are laid upon me,
And all this sore anguish I suffer for thee.”
- 8 I heard with deep sorrow, the tale of his wo,
While tears of repentance mine eyes did o'erflow;
The cause of his sorrows to hear Him repeat,
Pierced deeply my bosom—I fell at his feet.
- 9 With the voice of contrition I loudly did cry,
“Lord, save a poor sinner! O save or I die!”
He smiled, when he saw me, and said to me, “**Live!**
“*Thy sins, which were many, I freely forgive!*”
- 10 How sweet was that sentence!—it made me rejoice!
His smiles, how consoling! How charming his voice!
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted— “*Salvation! O Glory to God!*”
- 11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul full of glory, of light, peace, and love;
I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears
Of that loving “Stranger,” who banish'd my fears.
- 12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When GABRIEL, descending, the trumpet will sound!
My soul to this “Stranger” in raptures shall rise,
And see Him my Savior with unclouded eyes.

My Father's House.

Marseilles Hymn.

1. There is a place of waveless rest, Far, far beyond the skies, Where



2. When toss'd upon the waves of life, With fear on every side, When



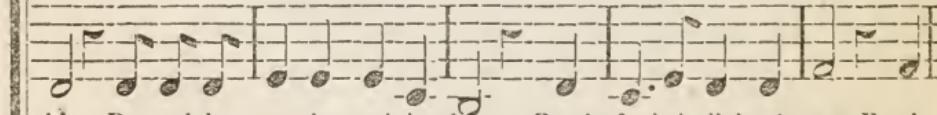
beauty smiles e - ter-nal - ly, And pleasure nev-er dies, And pleasure never



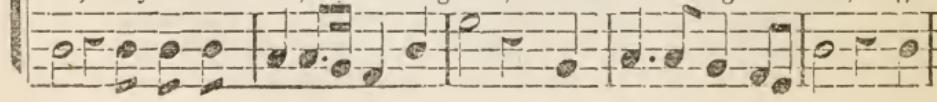
fiercely howls the gath'ring storm, And foams the angry tide, And foams the angry



dies; My Father's house, my heavenly home, Where 'many mansions' stand, Pre -



tide; Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn, Bright



pared by hands di-vine, for all Who seek 'the bet-ter land,'

beaming from my Fa-ther's house, To cheer the soul for-lorn,

Prepared by hands divine, for all, Who seek 'the bet-ter land.'

Bright beaming from my Father's house, To cheer the soul for-lorn.

3

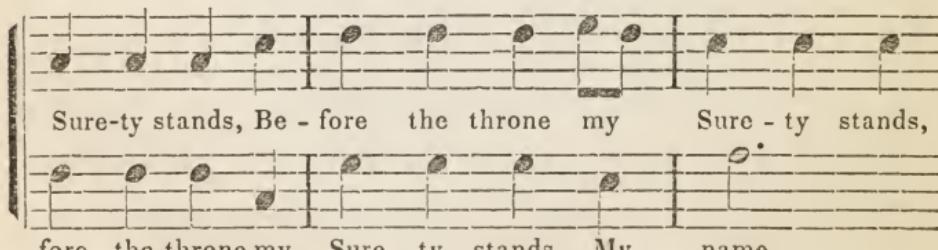
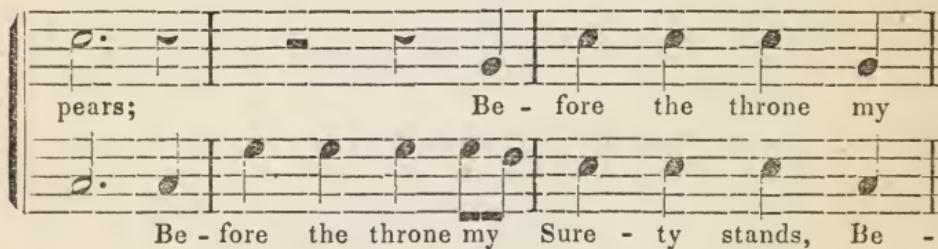
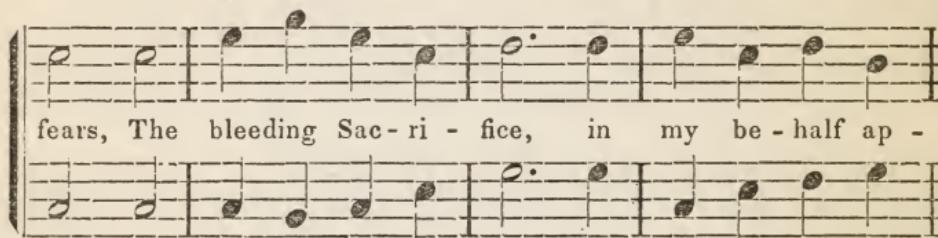
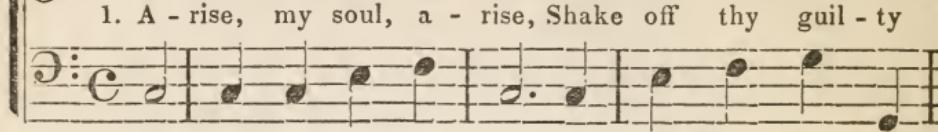
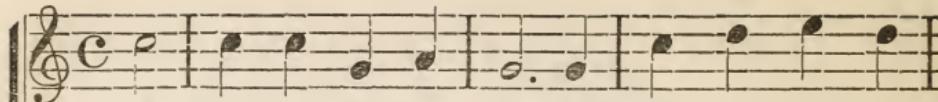
Yes! even at that fearful hour, In that pure home of tearless joy,

When death shall seize its prey, Earth's parted friends shall meet,
And from the place that knows us With smiles of love that never fade,
now, And blessedness complete;

Shall hurry us away;— There, there adieus are sounds un-
The vision of that heavenly home, known,

Shall cheer the parting soul, Death frowns not on that scene,
And o'er it mounting to the skies, But life, and glorious beauty shine,
A tide of rapture roll. Untroubled and serene.

4



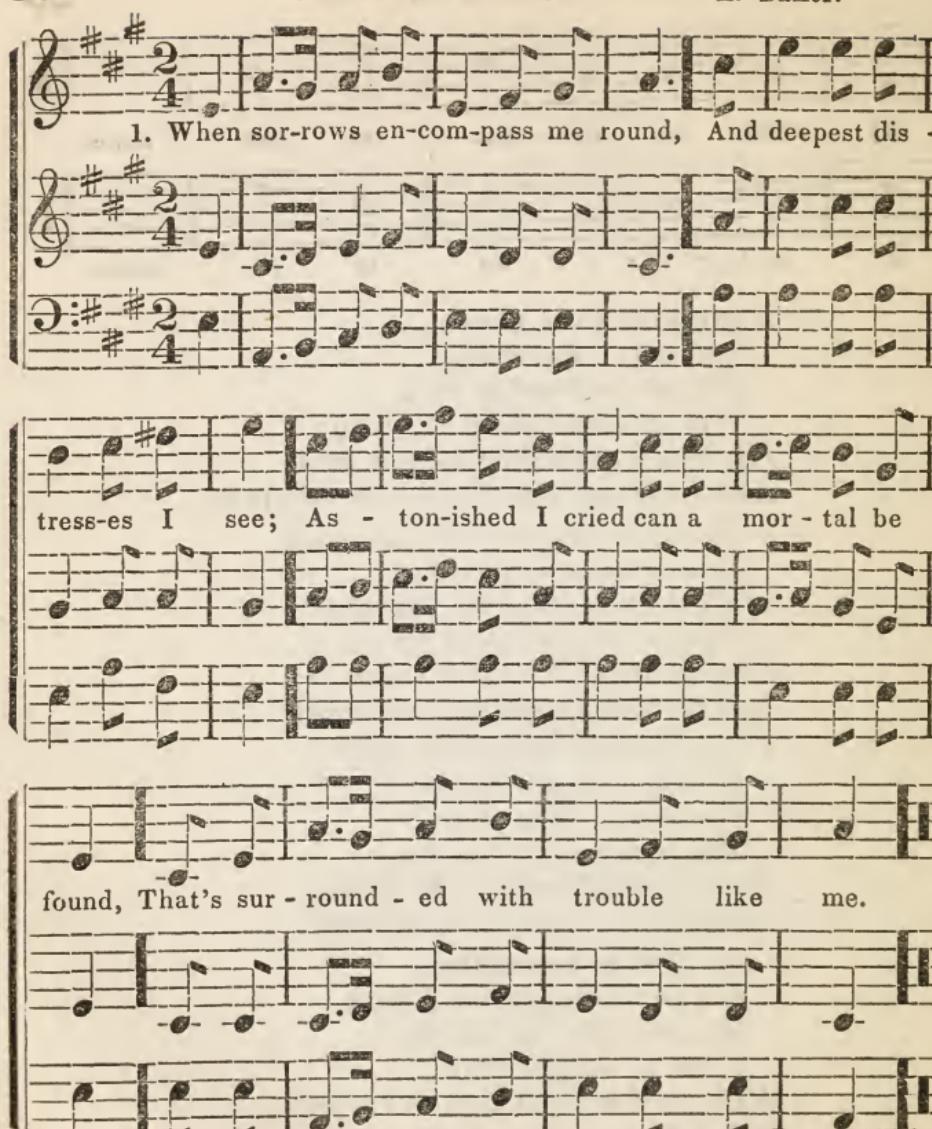
My name is writ - ten on his hands.
is writ - - - - en in his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead :
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry
Nor let that ransomed sinner die

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear :
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.



1. When sor-rows en-com-pass me round, And deepest dis -

tress-es I see; As - ton-ished I cried can a mor - tal be

found, That's sur - round - ed with trouble like me.

2

Few moments of peace I enjoy,
 And they are succeeded by pain,
 If a moment of praising my God I enjoy,
 I have hours again to complain.

3

O when will my sorrow be o'er,
 O when will my suffering cease;
 O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
 To the mansions of glory in peace.

4

May no sorrows be vented that day,
 When Jesus has called me home;
 But with singing and shouting let each brother say,
 He has fled from the evil to come.

5

My spirit to glory convey'd,
 My body laid low in the ground,
 I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
 But all join in praising around.

6

O when with the fulness of love,
 I then like an angel shall sing,
 Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
 And make all creation to sing.

7

Our slumbering bodies obey,
 And quicker than thought shall arise,
 Remov'd in a moment, go shouting away,
 To the mansions above in the skies.

A musical score for a voice and piano. The score consists of six staves of music. The first three staves are for the piano, featuring a treble clef, a bass clef, and a common time signature (indicated by a 'C'). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line begins on the fourth staff with a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "I would not live alway : I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us here Are e -". The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The vocal line continues on the fifth and sixth staves, with the key signature changing to B-flat major for the final two staves.

1. I would not live alway : I ask not to

stay Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way:

The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us here Are e -



2

I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without, and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3

I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb:
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4

Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
 And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns?

5

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

3

Poor Way-faring Man.

1. A poor way-faring man of grief Hath often cross'd me on my way,

2. Once when my scanty meal was spread, He enter'd, not a word he spake,

Who sued so humbly for re-lief, That I could nev - er an-swer nay;

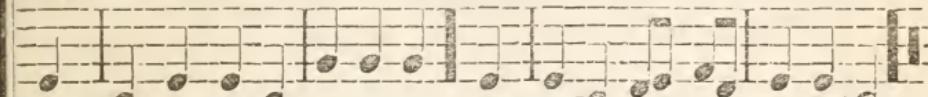
Just per - ish-ing for want of bread, I gave him all— He bless'd it, brake

I had not pow'r to ask his name, Whith-er he went or whence he came;

And ate but gave me part a-gain, Mine was an an-gel's por - tion then—



Yet there was something in his eye, That won my love, I knew not why.



And while I fed with eager haste, The crust was man-na to my taste.

3

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock—his strength
was gone,

The heedless water mocked his
thirst,

He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran, and raised the sufferer up;

Thrice from the stream he drained
my cup,
Dipped, and return'd it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4

'Twas night. The floods were out; My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
A wintry hurricane aloof. [it blew He asked if I for him would die.
I heard his voice abroad, and flew The flesh was weak, my blood ran
To bid him welcome to my roof. chill,
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my But the free spirit cried "I will!"
guest,

Laid him on mine own couch to rest, Then, in a moment, to my view
Then made the earth my bed, and The stranger started from disguise;
seemed

In Eden's garden while I dreamed. My SAVIOR stood before my eyes!
5

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to
death,
I found him by the high-way side;
I roused his pulse, brought back These deeds shall thy memorial be,
his breath,

Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was
healed.

I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the
smart,

And peace bound up my broken
heart. 6

In prison I saw him, next condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honored him mid shame and

scorn.

7

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My SAVIOR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he
named,—

"Of me thou hast not been
ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

When shall we meet again.

From the Sabbath School Harmony, by permission.

1. When shall we meet a - gain ? Meet ne'er to sev - er ?

When will peace wreath her chain ? Round us for-ev - er ?

Chorus.

Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that

blows. In this dark vale of woes,

Unison.

Never, no never, no, no, never.

2

When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship
glow

Changeless forever ?

Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall
fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never,

3

Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,

Happy forever;

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never.

4

Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her
chain,
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose,
Safe from all worldly woes;
Our days of praise shall close,
Never, no, never.

The Pilgrim.

1. { Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wandering through this
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy

gloo - my vale? } "No! I'm bound for the kingdom ; Will you
 cour - age fail? }

go to glo-ry with me? Hal-le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord."

2. "Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
 Travelling through this lonely void;
 But no ill shall e'er befall me,
 While I'm blest with such a GUIDE.
 "Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."

3. Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If some guardian power defend thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
 "Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."

4. "Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attend;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end;
 For I am bound for the kingdom, &c."

5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly rolling through the vale;
 Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail!
 "No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."

6. "No; that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend;
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c."

7. While I gazed, with speed surprising,
 Down the vale she plunged from sight
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,
 Like an angel clothed in light!
 Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,—
 Will you follow her to glory?
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

Good Shepherd.

1. { Let thy king-dom, bless-ed Sav - ior, Come, and
 { Come! oh come! and reign for ev - er, God of

Day and night thy lambs are cry - ing, Come, good

bid our jar - ring cease. } Vis - it now poor bleed-ing
 love and prince of peace. }

shep-herd feed thy sheep.

Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep.

D. c.

D. c.

D. c.

2. Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Over every hindrance leap;
 Not upheld by force or numbers,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3. Lord, in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all the truth.
 On thy gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior,
 Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy Sheep.

4. Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution rages here—
 Nothing, Lord we know can harm us,
 While our Shepherd is so near.
 Glory, glory be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts do leap;
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his Sheep.

5. Hear the Prince of our Salvation,
 Saying “ Fear not, little flock;
 I myself, am your Foundation.
 You are built upon this Rock;
 Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it's steep,
 Look to me, and be ye holy;
 I delight to feed my Sheep.”

6. Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
 Taught by him, we'll own his name
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
 How it doth our souls inflame !
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

1. Awaked by Si-nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in
bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go; E -
ter - nal truth did loud pro - claim, "The sin - ner

must be born a - gain, Or sink to end-less wo."

2. When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
" The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelm'd my tortured mind.
3. Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load :
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
" The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God."
4. The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
" The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.
5. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Savior pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

1. Few are our days, those few we dream a -

way, Sure is our fate, To moul - der in the

clay; Rise, im - mor - tal soul! A - bove thine

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first three staves are in common time (indicated by a '2') and major (indicated by a 'F' with a sharp sign). The fourth and fifth staves are in common time and major. The vocal line is primarily in soprano range, with some notes in alto range. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing below the vocal line in a rhythmic pattern that matches the music.

1

Few are our days, those few we dream away,
Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay;
Rise, immortal soul! above thine earthly fate,
Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.

2

Lo! midnight's gloom invites the pensive mind,
Pale is the scene, but shadows there you'll find;
Rise! immortal soul! Shun gloom, pursue thy flight,
Lest hence thy fate be like the gloomy night.

3

Hark! from the grave oblivion's doleful tones,
There shall our names be moulder'd like our bones;
Rise, immortal soul! that hence thy fame may shine,
Time flies, and ends; eternity is thine.

How lovely the place.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in bass clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The music consists of four staves of music, with lyrics provided for the first three staves.

1. How love - ly the place where the Sav-ior ap -

pears, To those who be - lieve in his word;

His pres - ence dis - pers - es my sor - rows and

fears, And bids me re - joice in my Lord.

2

A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,
 Is better and lovlier far—
 My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
 And all their delights I abhor.

3

Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,
 For low at thy feet I would lie;
 I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
 Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

4

Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
 O! come, in thy chariot of love;
 From earth's vain enchantments, O! help us to flee,
 And to set our affections above.

1. When marshall'd on the night - ly plain, The
star a - lone, of all the train. Can
one a - lone, the Sav - ior speaks, It
glittering hosts be - stud the sky, One
fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.
is the star of Beth-le - hem.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from eve-ry gem; But
D. C.

2
Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd,
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3
It was my guide, my light, my all.
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and forevermore.
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Funeral Bell.

49

1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, On the winds steal-ing,

List to the toll-ing bell, Mourn - fully peal - ing;
So earthly joys de-cay, Whilst new their feel - ing.

D. C.

Hark, hark, it seems to say. As melt those sounds a way,

2. Now through the charmed air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourner's prayer, solemnly bending:

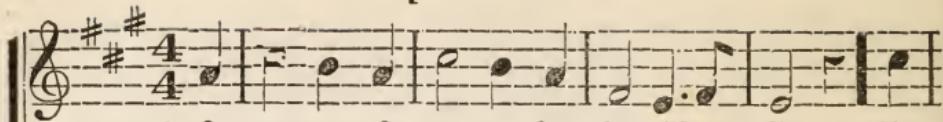
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

3. O'er a father's dismal tomb, see the orphan bending,
From the solemn church-yard's gloom hear the dirge ascending

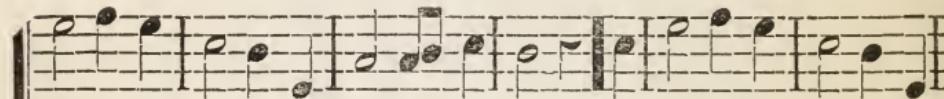
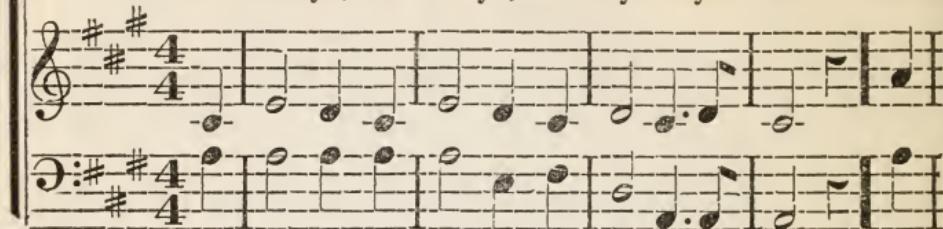
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
How short ambition's sway,
Life's joys and friendship's ray
In the dark grave ending.

4. So when our mortal ties, death shall dis sever,
Lord, may we reach the skies, where care comes never:
And in eternal day, To our Creator pay
Joining the angel's lay, Homage forever.

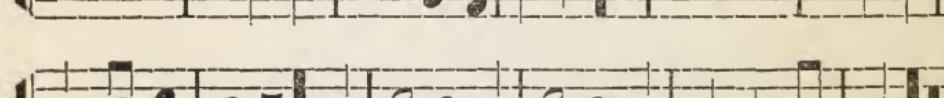
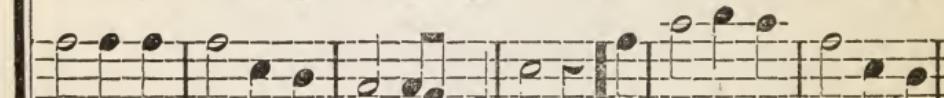
Expostulation.



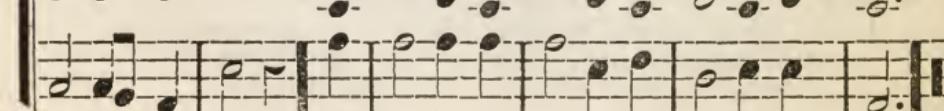
1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? Since



God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh; Since Jesus in-vites you, the



Spir-it says, come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.



2

How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3

And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4

In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

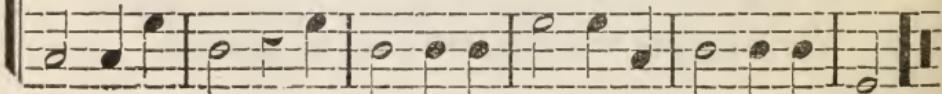
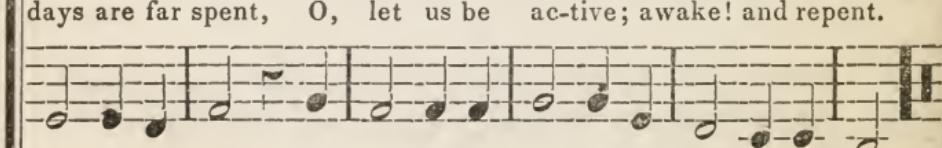
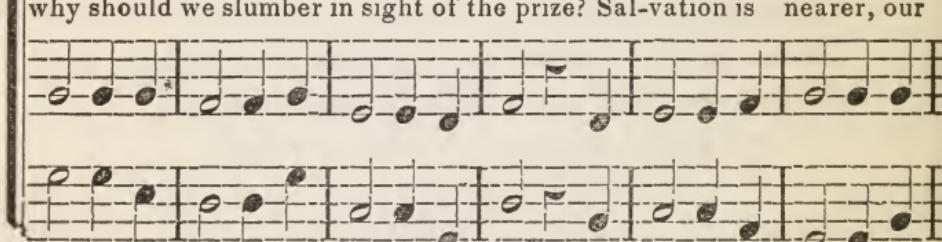
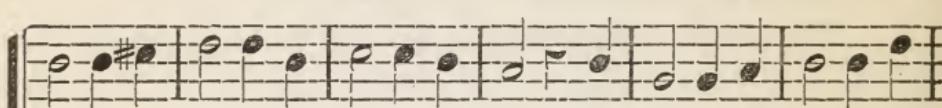
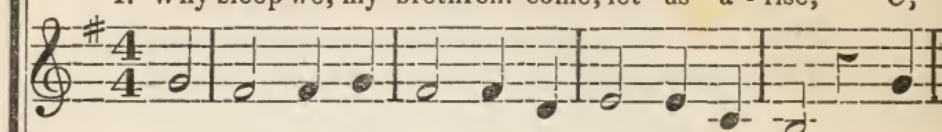
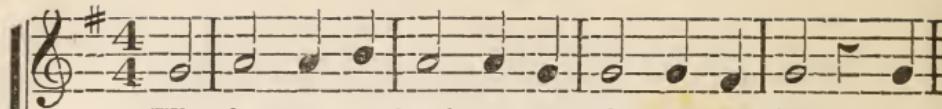
5

Why will you be starving and feeding on air,
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6

Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Why sleep we.



2

O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
 And calling on sinners to seek them a home:
 The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
 The weary they welcome, the careless invite

3

O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;
 To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
 To accomplish their object no means are untried;
 The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide

4

O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
 To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!
 Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,
 Now God can be honor'd, and sinners be saved

5

O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,
 And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
 Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize
 Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

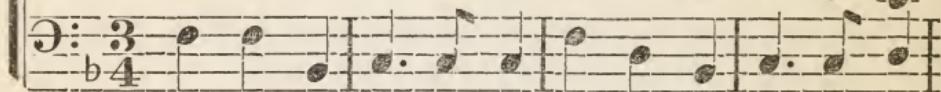
6

O, how can ye slumber! ye sinners, look round,
 Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound;
 O, fly to the Savior, he calls you to-day;
 While mercy is waiting, O make no delay

Lofty Praise.



1. Sing, sing his lof-ty praise, Whom an-gels can-not raise,



But whom they sing; Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Ob-ject of



an-gel's love, Jesus, whose grace we prove, Je - sus, our King.



2

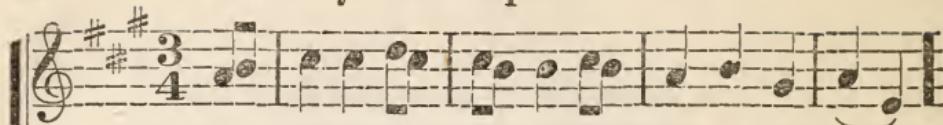
Jesus the cause sustain'd,
Bitter the cup he drain'd,
Happy for us:
Angels were fill'd with awe,
When their own King they saw
Honor his holy law,
Honor it thou

3

Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought:
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

4

Yet we will sing of him,
Jesus our lofty theme,
Jesus we'll sing;
Glory and power are his,
His too the kingdom is;
Triumph, ye saints, in this,
Jesus is King.



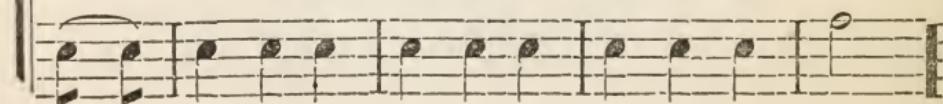
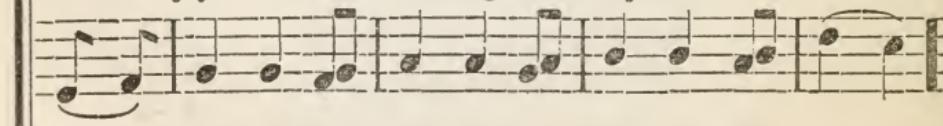
1. From gloomy de - jec-tion my tho'ts mount the sky,



And realms ev - er peace - ful, trans - port - ed des - ery;



There joys ev - er bloom-ing en - rap-ture the soul,



And riv - ers of pleasure in - ces - sant - ly roll.

2. There sorrow nor sighing can never infest,
Nor Satan annoy me, nor sinners molest,
But where rest perpetual the weary obtain,
Their harvest of joy and their infinite gain.
3. I too shall inherit the heavenly prize,
To scenes of bright glory my soul shall arise,
With rapture ineffable join the glad throng,
And filled with new wonder unite in the song.
4. If such be my portion, why should I complain ?
Why cherish despondence, why sadness retain ?
Is sorrow then meet for an heir of the skies,
Who shortly to blessings unbounded shall rise ?
5. No longer I'll murmur, no longer repine,
But joy 'mid all troubles since heaven is mine ;
Then deep in oblivion be sunk every fear,
Be erased from my bosom each trace of despair.
6. How glorious the scheme that grace doth enhance,
Our hopes to enliven, our bliss to advance !
It fills me with transport, my joys overflow,
Too big for expression, extatic they grow.
7. Oh aid me, ye angels, its wonders to tell,
Encompass the theme, in full symphony dwell ;
But still it enlarges—no angel can scan,
The schemes of redemption, the wondeful plan.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing the great Re
deemer's praise; He just-ly claims a song from me, His
lov-ing kind-ness, O, how free! His lov-ing kindness—Loving-kind-
ness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O, how free!

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O, how great!
- 3 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 4 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Saint's Sweet Home.

TUNE—*Sweet Home.*

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home, &c.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

1. At - tend ye saints, and hear me tell, The
wonders of Im - man - u - el, Who saved me from
a burn-ing hell, And brought my soul with him

to dwell, And feel this bless - ed u - nion.

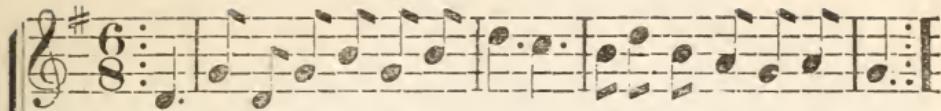
- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by
"With God you have no union."
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die:
I strove salvation for to buy:
But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

1. From whence doth this u-nion a - rise, That ha-tred is
 con-quer'd by love! It fas-tens our souls in such
 ties, As dis - tance and time can't re - move.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a paradise lost,
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
 Our hearts all united in love:
 Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,
 In yonder bright mansions above.

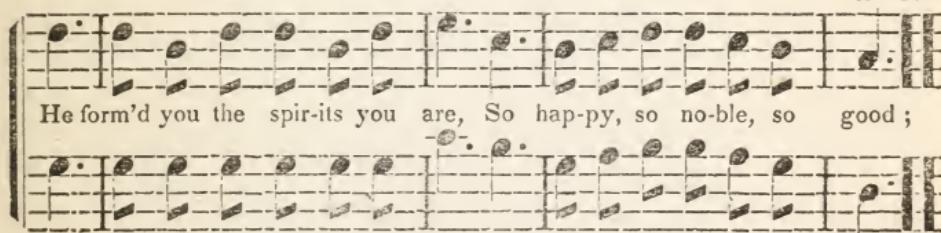
4 With Jesus we ever shall reign;
 We all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing " Hallelujah, Amen:"
 Amen, even so let it be.



1. { Ye angels who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise;



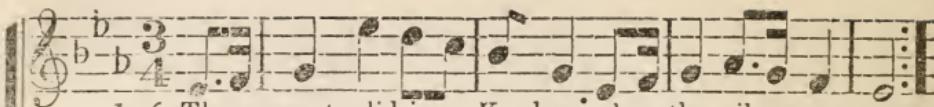
When others sunk down in despair, Confirm'd by his pow-er ye stood.
D. C.



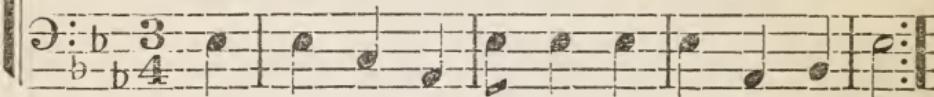
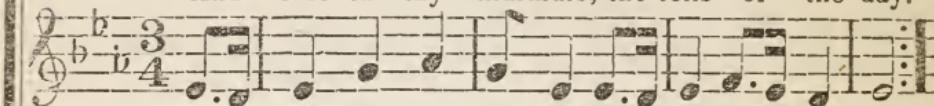
He form'd you the spir-its you are, So hap-py, so no-ble, so good;

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
For I to your Savior belong!
I'm fetter'd and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see!



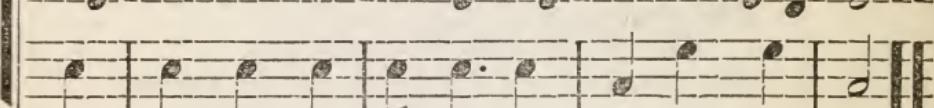
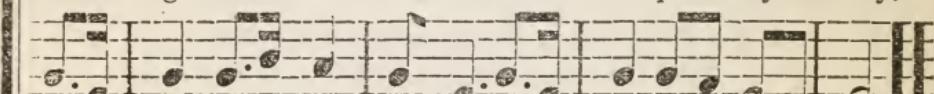
1. { Thou sweet glid-ing Ke-dron, by thy sil - ver streams,
 { Our Sav-ior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
 And lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.



D. C.



Shone bright on the wa-ters would fre-quent - ly stray,



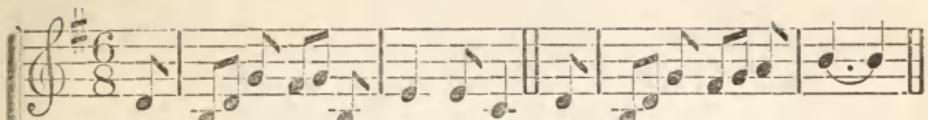
2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
 The angels astonished, grew sad at the sight,
 And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honor'd spot,
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
 The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

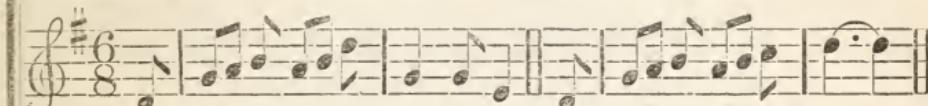
4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet,
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies

Sweet Land of Rest. C. M.

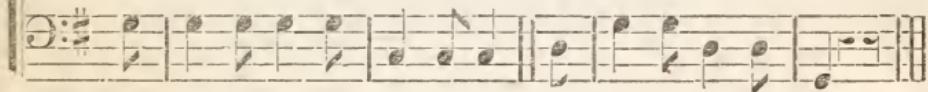
65



1. Sweet land of rest! for thee i sigh; When will the mo-ment come?



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?



2. No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful, sheltering home;
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.

4. When by affliction sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sighed for home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

5. Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home

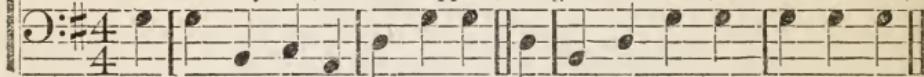
The Harvest Hymn.



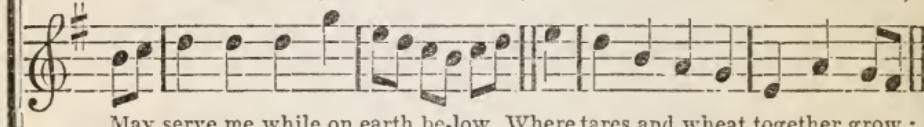
1. This is the field, the world below, In which the sow - er comes to sow ;



2. To love my sins, a saint appear, To grow in wheat, and be a tare,



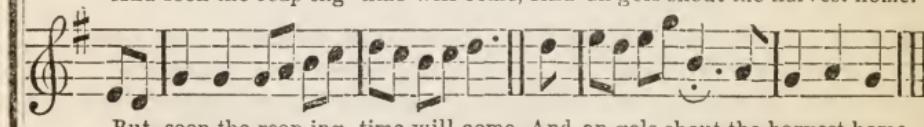
Je - sus the wheat, Sa - tan the tares, For so the word of truth declares ;



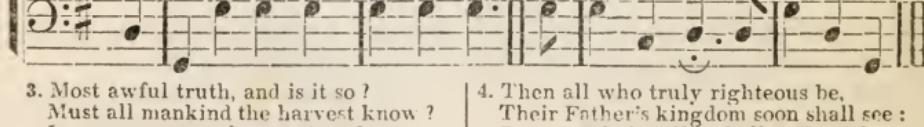
May serve me while on earth be-low, Where tares and wheat together grow :



And soon the reap-ing time will come, And an-gels shout the harvest home.



But soon the reap-ing time will come, And an-gels shout the harvest home.



3. Most awful truth, and is it so ?
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every man a wheat or tare ?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare :
For soon the reaping time, &c.

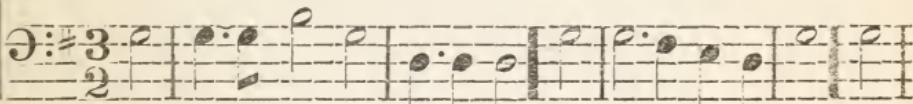
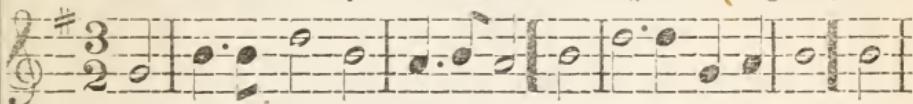
4. Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see :
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell, O doleful sound !
For soon the reaping time, &c.

Heavenly Rest. P. M. Wm. B. Tappan. 67

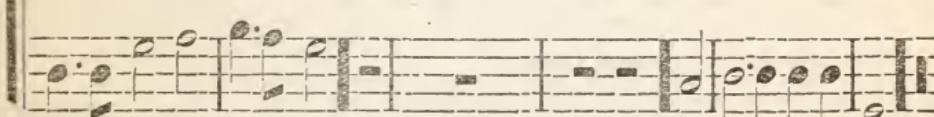
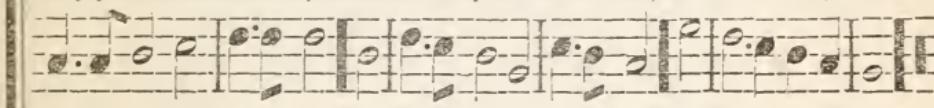
(From the 'Sacred Minstrel,' by permission.)



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'lers given ; There



is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone, in heaven.



2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up a cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

The Morning Prayer Meeting.

Moderato.

1. Up! shake off the bonds of sleep—Nature is a - wak - ing.

Up! and to the place of prayer, For the day is breaking.

First time, *p* Second time, *f*

2. Hear ye not the still small voice, Sa-tan's empire shaking?

3. Sinners hear the voice and come, All their sins for - sak-ing;



In the place of pray'r 'tis heard— *There*, the day is breaking.



Ear-ly to the place of prayer, While the day is breaking.



1

4

Up! shake off the bands of sleep— Worldly men are up betimes,

Nature is awaking. Every effort making—

Up! and to the place of prayer, Come then, to the place of prayer,
For the day is breaking. While the day is breaking.

2

5

Hear ye not the still small voice, Jesus! long before the light,

Satan's empire shaking? Waits for your awaking;

In the place of prayer 'tis heard— Haste then, to the place of prayer,
There, the day is breaking. For the day is breaking.

3

6

Sinners hear the voice and come, Hear ye not the still small voice,

All their sins forsaking? Satan's empire shaking?

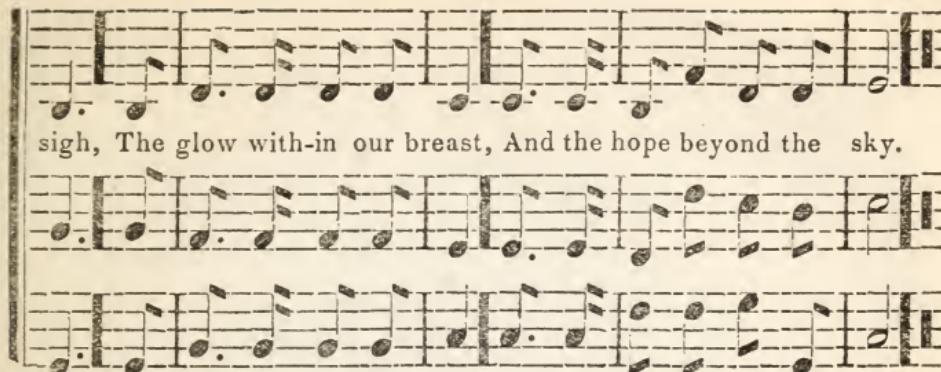
Early to the place of prayer, In the place of prayer 'tis heard—
While the day is breaking. *There*, the day is breaking.

Come to the place of prayer.

Altered from Mrs. Hemans' "Come to the Sunset Tree." By ROBERT TURNBULL.

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a '2' indicating a key signature of one sharp, and a '4' indicating common time. The second staff begins with a treble clef, a '2' indicating a key signature of one sharp, and a '4' indicating common time. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a '2' indicating a key signature of one sharp, and a '4' indicating common time. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a '2' indicating a key signature of one sharp, and a '4' indicating common time. The fifth staff begins with a bass clef, a '2' indicating a key signature of one sharp, and a '4' indicating common time. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with various rests and dynamic markings.

Come, come, come. Come to the place of prayer, The day is past and
gone, And on the si - lent air, The voice of praise is
borne: Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleas - ant the hearts' low



sigh, The glow with-in our breast, And the hope beyond the sky.

1 Come to the place of prayer,
 The day is past and gone,
 And on the silent air,
 The voice of praise is borne:
 Sweet is the hour of rest,
 Pleasant the hearts' low sigh,
 The glow within our breast,
 And the hope beyond the sky. .

2 Yes! tuneful is the sound
 Of converts as they sing;
 Welcome the glory round,
 Shed from the Spirit's wing;
 But bliss more sweet and still
 Than aught on earth e'er gave,
 Our yearning souls shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave.

3 Earth with her dreams shall fade,
 And our bodies turn to dust;
 But our souls shall soar and sing
 In the mansions of the just;
 " So we lift our trusting eyes
 From the hills our fathers trod,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God."
 Come, come, come, &c.

The Jubilee. C. M.

From the *Gospel Harmonist*, by permission.

1. What heaven ly mu - sic do I hear, Sal - va - tion sounding

2. Good news, good news to Ad - am's race, Let Christians all a -

3. The gos - pel sounds a sweet release, To all in mis - e -

free! Ye souls in bondage lend an ear, This is the Ju - bi - lee.

gree; To sing redeeming love and grace, This is the Ju - bi - lee.

ry, And bids them welcome home to peace, This is the Ju - bi - lee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee,
Let heaven and earth his praise re -
This is the Jubilee. [peat,

This is the Ju - bi - - lee.

5 Sinners be wise, return and come,
Unto the Savior flee;
The Savior bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

This is the Ju - bi - - lee.

6 Come ye redeemed, your tribute
With songs of harmony, [bring,
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilce.

This is the Ju - bi - - lee.

1. Tho' hard the winds are blowing, And loud the billows roar;

Full swift-ly we are go-ing, To our dear na-tive shore.

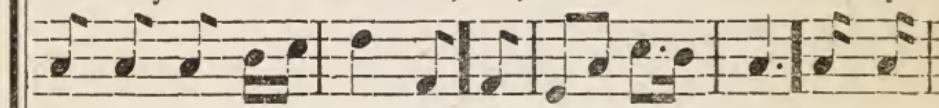
- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us,
To all we loved so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses,
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses,
Are gales and billows strong.
- 4 The sharper and severer
The storm of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is Heaven's eternal seat.
- 5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.



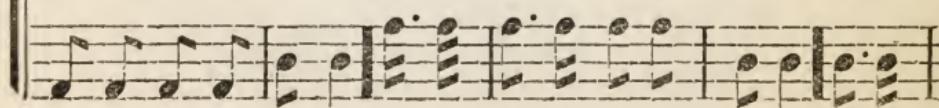
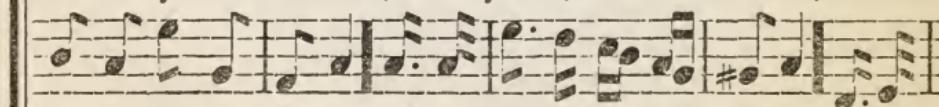
1. There's a friend above all oth-ers, Oh, how he loves! His is



love be-yond a brother's, Oh, how he loves! Earthly



friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us, But this





2

Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know
him,
Oh, how he loves!

Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

3

Love this friend who longs to save
thee,
Oh, how he loves!

Dost thou love? He will not leave
thee;
Oh, how he loves!

Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrows,
Oh, how he loves!

4

All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!

Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide
thee,

Safe to glory he will guide thee,
Oh, how he loves!

5

Pause my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!

Nought can cleave this love asun-
der,
Oh, how he loves!

Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt nor fear nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
Oh, how he loves!

6

Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And though faint keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!

He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's riv-
er,

This shall be our song forever,
Oh, how he loves!

1. Farewell, farewell, farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till
I a bet-ter world do view, I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my lov-ing friends, farewell.

1 Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world do view.

I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore;
Where pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
 I leave you here and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.

I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,
 You've counted all things here but dross,
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.

I'll march, &c.

Fight on, &c.

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
 It grieves my heart to leave you **here**,
 Eternal vengeance waits for you;
 O turn, and find salvation near.

I'll march, &c.

O turn, &c.

1. O for a breeze of heavenly love, To waft my soul a -

way To the ce - les - tial world above, Where pleasures ne'er de

ay. 2. E - ter - nal Spir - it, deign to be My pi - lot here be -

1

O for a breeze of heavenly love,
 To waft my soul away
 To the celestial world above,
 Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2

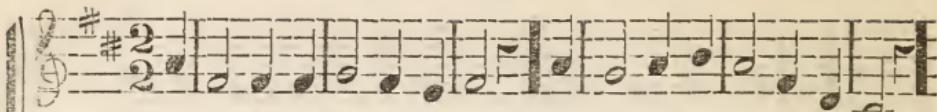
Eternal Spirit, deign to be
 My pilot here below,
 To steer thro' life's tempestuous sea,
 Where winds do stormy blow.

3

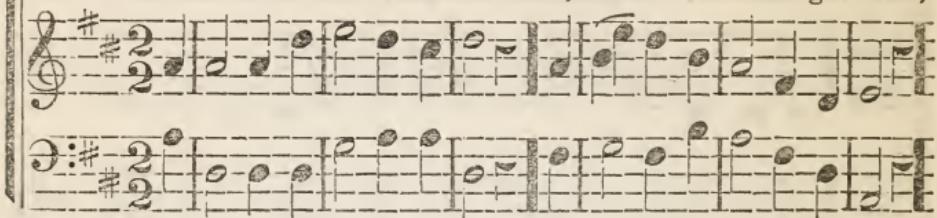
From rocks of pride on either hand,
 From quicksands of despair;
 O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
 Through ev'ry latent snare.

4

Anchor me in that port above,
 On that celestial shore,
 Where dashing billows never move.
 Where tempests never roar.



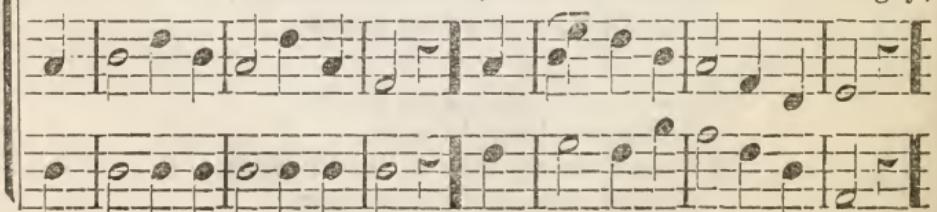
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'r's, Have lost all their sweetness to me :



The midsummer's sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;



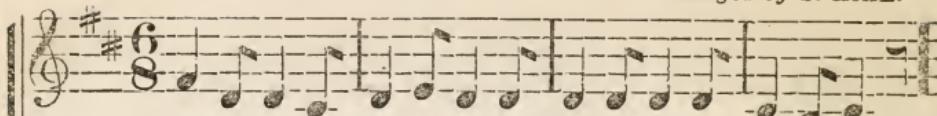
But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me:
 • The midsummer's sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

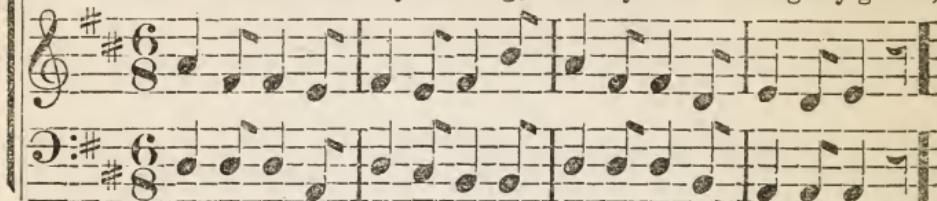
2 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned ;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me to thee upon high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more

Arranged by S. HILL.



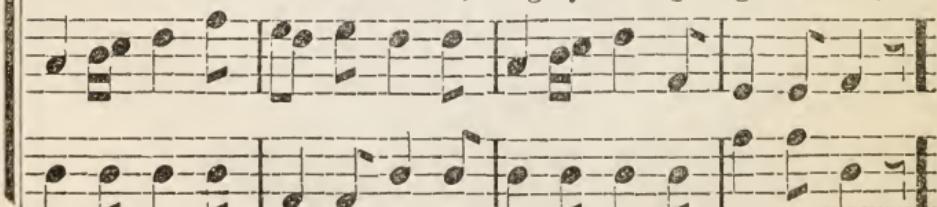
1. Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceasing, Calls for songs of loudest praise:



Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above,





Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace, how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

"Come and see."

8. 6.

H. BAKER.

John, 1: 46.

1. Jesus, dear name, how sweet the sound, Replete with balm for ev'ry wound,

3: 6
b 8

His word declares his grace is free, Come, needy sinner, come and see,

Come guilty sinner, come and see, Will you come? Will you come?

1

Jesus, dear name, how sweet the sound,
 Replete with balm for every wound;
 His word declares his grace is free,—
 Come, needy sinner, come and see;
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see,
 Will you come? Will you come?

2

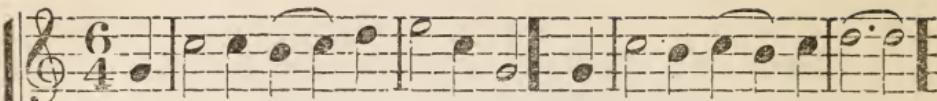
He left the shining courts on high,
 Came to our world to bleed and die;
 Jesus, the God, hung on the tree,—
 Come, helpless sinner, come and see;
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see,
 Will you come? Will you come?

3

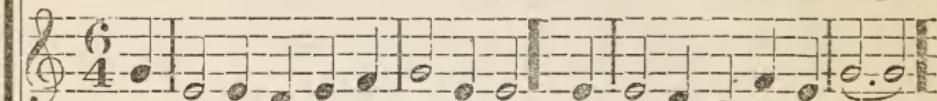
Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
 Till death had done its dreadful part;
 Yet his dear love still burns to thee,—
 Come, careless sinner, come and see;
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see,
 Will you come? Will you come?

4

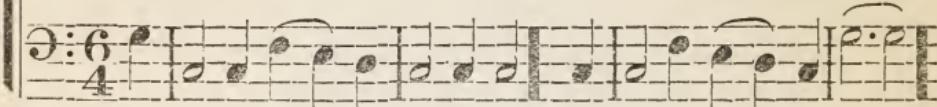
His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
 And make the filthy leper clean;
 His blood at once availed for me,—
 Come, anxious sinner, come and see;
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see,
 Will you come? Will you come?



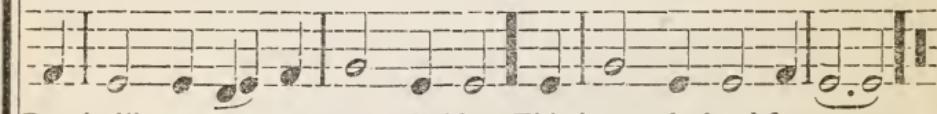
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign,



2. There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And never-withering flowers;



In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.



Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.



3

Sweet fields beyond the swelling
flood,

Stand dress'd in living green;

So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4

But timorous mortals start and
shrink,

To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5

Oh! could we make our doubts re-
move,

Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes:

Could we but climb where Moses
And view the landscape o'er, [stood,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's
cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

Farewell! we meet no more. 6. 4.

87

Tenor.



Slow. Ad lib. Affet.



1. Farewell! Farewell! we meet no more, on this side heav'n, The



parting scene is o'er; The last sad look is giv'n, Fare-well! Fare - well !



1 Farewell! we meet no more
On this side heav'n :

The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is giv'n.

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies:

From him I'll never part,
On him my hope relies.

2 Farewell! My soul will weep
While mem'ry lives:

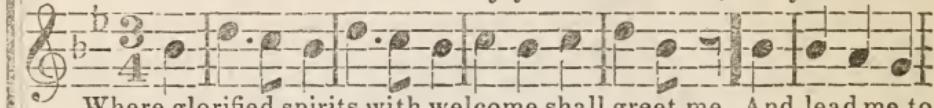
From wounds that sink so deep
No earthly hand relieves.

4 Farewell! and shall we meet
In heav'n above ?

And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Savior's love ?



1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me, In yon blissful



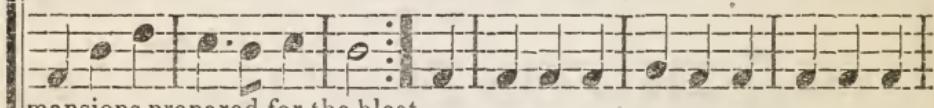
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to



I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded, And range with de-



region, the haven of rest; En-cir-cled in light, and with glory en-

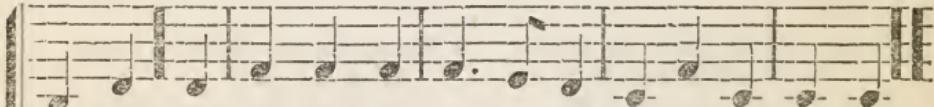


mansions prepared for the blest.

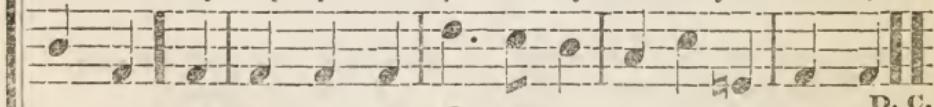


light thro' the Eden of love.

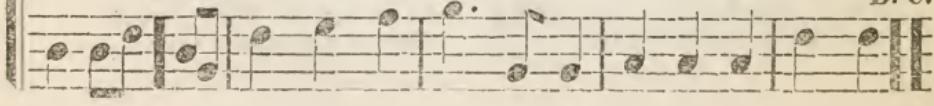
D. C.



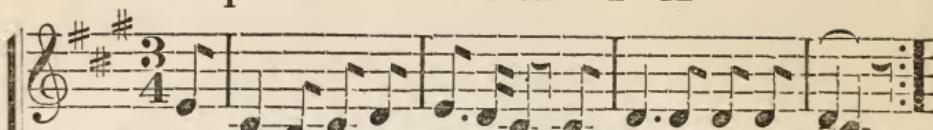
shrouded, My hap - pi - ness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded, D.C.



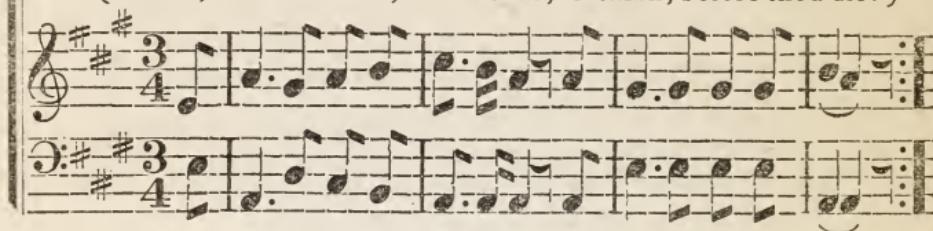
D. C.



- 1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest;
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of love.
- 2 'Tis there in that peaceful and happy bright region,
 All sorrow and sighing shall flee far away;
 In bliss I shall reap the full joys of religion,
 Through the endless ages of eternity.
 O glory, bright glory, shall I there forever
 Enjoy the sweet smiles of my blessed Savior?
 To me, this will be an unmerited favor,
 To dwell with my Lord in his kingdom above.
- 3 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise:
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.
- 4 Then hail, blessed state! Hail ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:"
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation.
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.



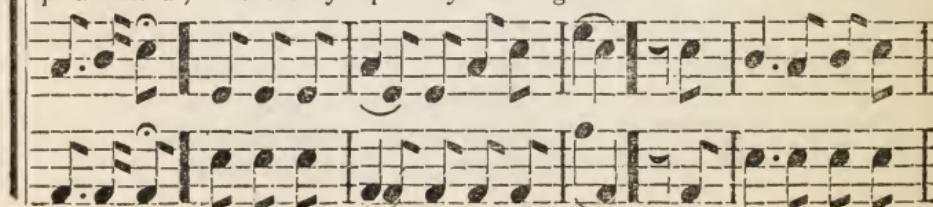
1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear, Repent! thy end is nigh!
 { Death, at the farthest, can't be far, O think, before thou die!



Re-lect—thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins how high they



upward mount, What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dread ac-





count? What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dread ac-



count? How stands that dread account? How stands that dread account?



2

Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time, there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven—or to hell

Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall greedy reptiles soon consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb,

Sin kills, &c. Sin kills, &c.

3

To-day, the gospel calls to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:

Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

Amazing love that yet will call,
And yet prolong our worthless days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness,
fall,

And weep, and love, and praise,
And weep, &c. And weep, &c.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
 And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

1
 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my
 days,
 And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2
 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to
 come.

3
 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my
 bed

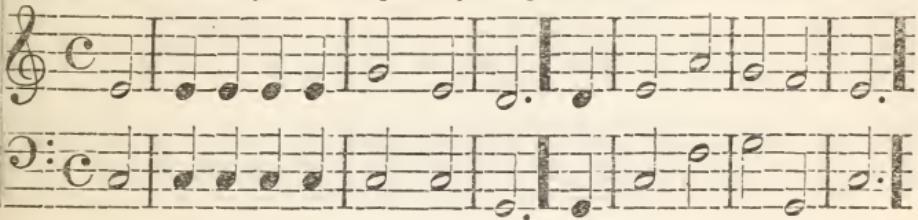
4
 In vain the sons of earth or hell
 Tell me a thousand frightful things;
 My God in safety makes me dwell
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5
 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
 O may thy presence ne'er depart;
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart

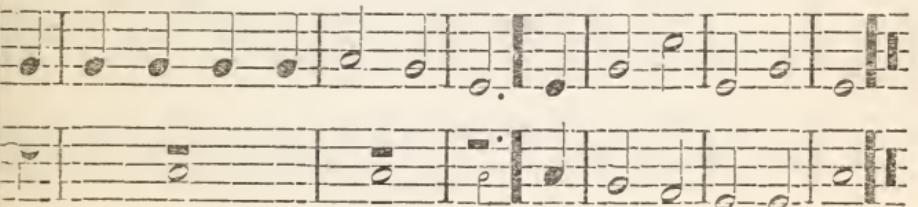
6
 Thus when the night of death shall
 come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the
 ground,
 And wait thy voice, to rouse my
 tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.



1. Come, heav'nly love, inspire my song With thine immortal flame;



And teach my heart, and teach my tongue, The Savior's lovely name.



1

Come, heav'nly love, inspire my song
With thine immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my
tongue,
The Savior's lovely name.

2

The Savior! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

3

Here, pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich profusion flow;

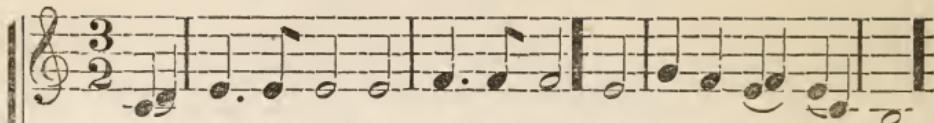
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4

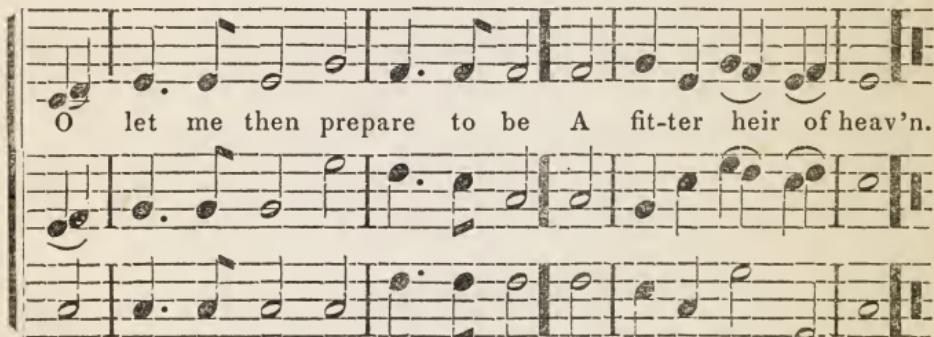
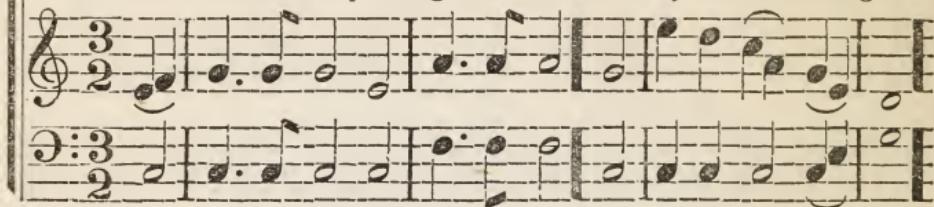
O, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

5

On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior and my all!



1. And is this life prolong'd to me? Are days and seasons giv'n?



O let me then prepare to be A fit-ter heir of heav'n.

2

In vain these moments shall not pass
These golden hours be gone:

Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3

Now cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin
By my Redeemer's blood:

Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honors of my God.

4

Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys;

Let cheerful hope, increasing still
Approach to heavenly joys.

5

My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savor of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.

6

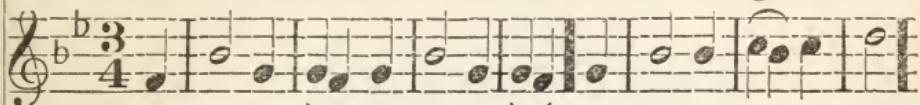
On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May heav'n receive this soul of mine
To his supremely great.

The Sinner's Resolve. C. M.

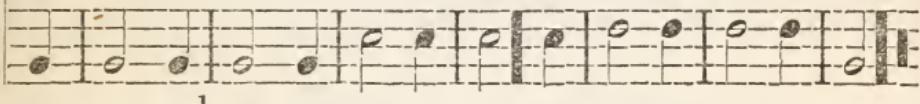
95



1. Come, humble sinner in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;



Come with your guilt and fear oppress, And make this last resolve.



1

Come, humble sinner, in whose
breast

A thousand thoughts revolve;

Come, with your guilt and fear op-
prest,

And make this last resolve.

2

'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose:

I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3

I'll to the gracious King approach,

Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

4

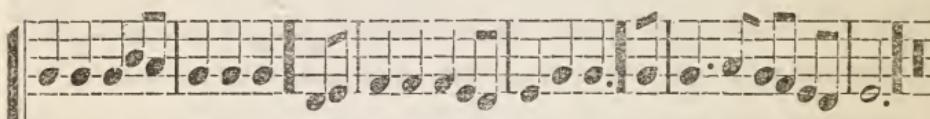
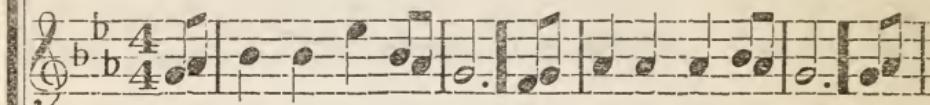
Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5

I can but perish, if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.



1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O



may we all remember well, O may we all remember well The night of death draws near.



2 We lay our garments by,

Upon our beds to rest:

So death will soon disrobe us all

Of what we here possess.

4 And when we early rise,

And view the unwearied sun,

May we set out to win the prize,

And after glory run.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,

Secure from all our fears;

May angels guard us while we sleep,

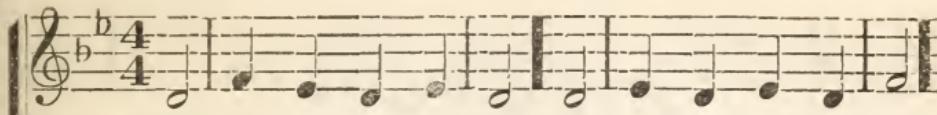
Till morning light appears.

5 And when our days are past,

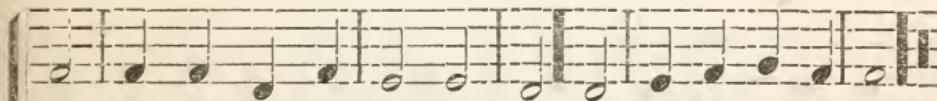
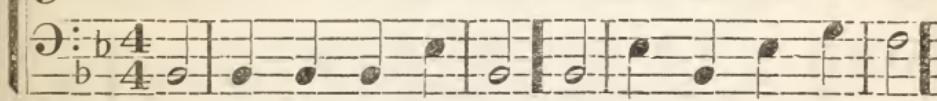
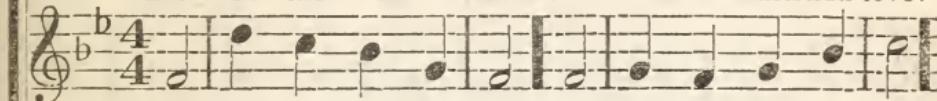
And we from time remove,

O may we in thy bosom rest,

The bosom of thy love.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in christian love!



The fel - low-ship of kind-red minds Is like to that a-bove.



1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

A musical score for 'Convert's Farewell.' The score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by '6/8' with a '2' over it) and a key signature of one sharp. The music is divided into four systems by vertical bar lines. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first system contains the lyrics 'Fare - well, fare - well to 'all be - low, My'. The second system contains 'Je - sus calls, and I must go; I launch my boat up -'. The third system contains 'on the sea—This land is not the land for me.' The fourth system concludes the piece.

1. Fare - well, fare - well to 'all be - low, My

Je - sus calls, and I must go; I launch my boat up -

on the sea—This land is not the land for me.

CHORUS.

This world is not my home, This world is not my home,
 This world is all a wil-der-ness, This world is not my home.

2

I've found the winding path of sin
 A rugged path to travel in;
 Beyond the chilly waves I see
 The land my Savior bought for me.
 This world, &c.

3

Oh! sinner, why will *you* not go?
 There's room enough for you I know;
 Our boat is sound, the passage free,
 And there's a better land for thee.

4

Farewell! dear friends, I may not
 stay,
 The home I seek is far away;
 Where Christ is not, I cannot be—
 This land is not the land for me.

5

Praise be to God! our hope on high;
 The angels sing and so will I;
 Where seraphs bow and bend the
 knee,
 O, that's the land—the land for me!

Lo! he comes.

1. Lo! he comes, in clouds de-scend-ing, Once for favored
sin - ners slain; Thousand, thousand saints at - tend - ing,
Swell the tri - umph of his train. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ev - er - more shall reign!

1

Lo! he comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!

Jesus evermore shall reign.

2

Now the dead awake from slumber,
Free, immortal, glorified,— [ber,
Thousands, thousands without num-
All for whom the Savior died.

Hallelujah!

Glory, honor, joy abide.

3

Now the bars of death are broken!
Tyrant, thy dominion's o'er!
God the gracious word hath spoken,
Victory is thine no more.

Hallelujah!

Christ the conqueror we adore.

4

Hail! ye ransomed! ye immortals!
Cast your crowns at Shiloh's feet;

Throng ye now the radiant portals,
Give the glory that is meet.
Hallelujah!
God's high purpose is complete!

Welcome, dear Redeemer!

1

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine!
Lord, I make a full surrender;
Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,
Thine forever!
Thine, O Lord, forever thine.

2

Sin, and all its dread oppression,
From my soul shall disappear!
Doubt shall not obtain possession,
For thy truth is ever near.
I will praise thee!
Lord, I feel thy blessing here!

To Thee, O my Savior.

2 3
4

1. To thee, O my Savior, to thee will I cling,

2 3
4

2 3
4

For thou art my Lord, my Re-deem-er and King.

2 3
4

2 3
4

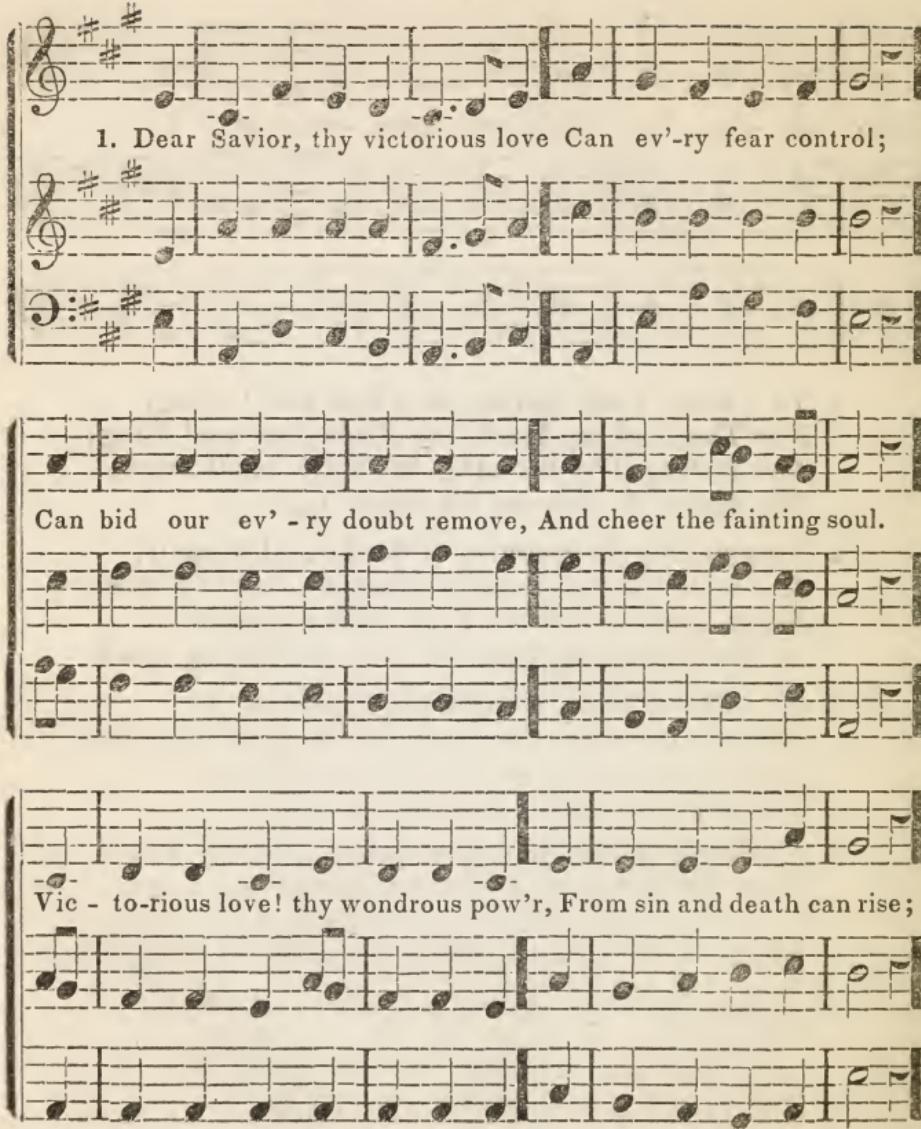
And feel-ing Thy bless-ing, my spir-it shall know,

2 3
4

2 3
4

Thy mer - cy is with me wher - ev - er I go.

- 1 To Thee, O my Savior, to Thee will I cling,
For Thou art my Lord, my Redeemer and King;
And feeling Thy blessing, my spirit shall know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.
- 2 Farewell to the anguish of doubt and despair,
And welcome the rapture of praise and of prayer,
Since, meekly confiding, in faith I rejoice,
To hear the sweet tones of Thy comforting voice.
- 3 Around me there shineth the heavenly ray
Which scattereth clouds and their shadows away,
And melteth my soul in devotional glow,—
For mercy is with me wherever I go.
- 4 Farewell to the pleasures which time can afford,
Since Thou art my glory, my Savior and Lord;
Nor fear I the darkness of death and the tomb,
Since Thou art my Light in the midst of the gloom.
- 5 Before me there gloweth, around and above,
The pledges of favor, the tokens of love:
And gratitude teacheth my spirit to know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.



1. Dear Savior, thy victorious love Can ev'-ry fear control;

Can bid our ev' - ry doubt remove, And cheer the fainting soul.

Vic - to-rious love! thy wondrous pow'r, From sin and death can rise;



Can gild the dark, de-part-ing hour, And tune its sighs to praise.



1

Dear Savior, thy victorious love
 Can every fear control,
 Can bid our every doubt remove,
 And cheer the fainting soul.

2

Victorious love, thy wondrous pow'r,
 From sin and death can raise;
 Can gild the dark, departing hour,
 And tune its sighs to praise

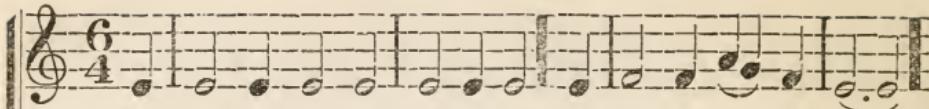
3

In thy great love, the soul shall soar
 To thy exalted throne,
 Where pleasures flow for evermore,
 And sorrow is unknown.

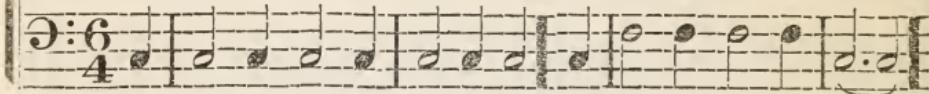
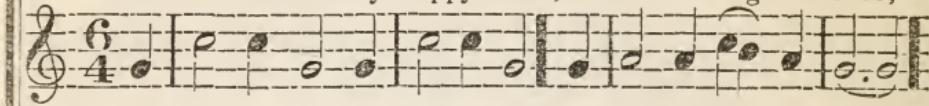
4

Before thy all-victorious love,
 The foes of man shall fall,
 And thou shalt be, in worlds above,
 Our Savior and our All.

Jerusalem my happy Home.



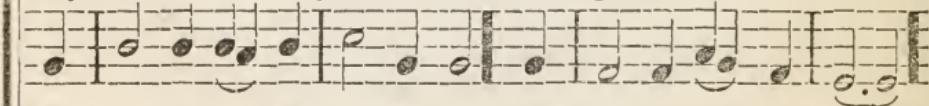
1. Je - ru - sa - lem my happy home, O how I long for thee,



When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?



Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to be - hold,





1
Jerusalem my happy home,
O how I long for thee,
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

2
Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3
Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
Though comely long have been,
Through dark'ning light, by human
sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4
If heaven be thus most glorious,
Lord,
Why should I go from thence?
What folly this, that I should dread,
To die and go from hence.

5
Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, three in One.

6
When we've been there ten thou-
sand years,
Bright shining like the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's
praise,
Than when we first begun.

The Chariot.

1. The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,

As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo! self-moving it drives on the

pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

- 1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth !
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met !
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

Andantino.

WORDS BY ROBERT TURNBULL.

1. Sin-ners are bend ing Low at the throne,
Je-sus is send-ing His Spirit down,
Sun - light is beam - ing Soft from the sky;

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (6/8). The second staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (6/8). The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (6/8). The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with each line of text corresponding to a staff. The first line of lyrics, "Sin-ners are bend ing Low at the throne," is placed under the first staff. The second line, "Je-sus is send-ing His Spirit down," is placed under the second staff. The third line, "Sun - light is beam - ing Soft from the sky," is placed under the third staff. The music concludes with a final staff that is mostly blank, with only a few notes at the end.

Bright are the visions That gleam on the eye.

1

 Sinners are bending
 Low at the throne,
 Jesus is sending
 His Spirit down,
 Sunlight is beaming
 Soft from the sky;
 Bright are the visions
 That gleam on the eye.

2

 Angels are watching,
 Over the place,
 Glad souls are singing
 Wonders of grace;
 Mercy is shedding
 Bliss from on high,
 Freed hearts are soaring
 Away to the sky!

Tell, how he woke his saints to pray, And gave us this re-vi-val day.

A page from a handwritten musical score. The top staff is for a soprano voice and the bottom staff is for an alto voice. The music is in common time. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, with measure 11 ending on a fermata and measure 12 ending on a double bar line. The notation includes various note heads (solid, hollow, with stems up or down) and rests.

Ye new-born souls, your voices raise,
Join to proclaim a Savior's praise;
Tell how he woke his saints to pray,
And gave us this revival day.

Daughters of Zion, sons of God,
Rise with melodious songs aloud;
Tell to the world how blest are they,
Who share in a revival day.

2

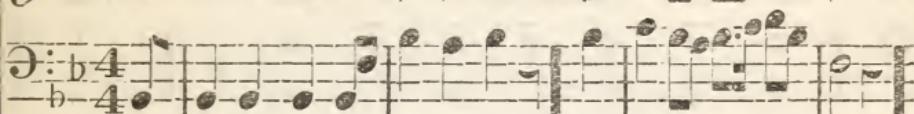
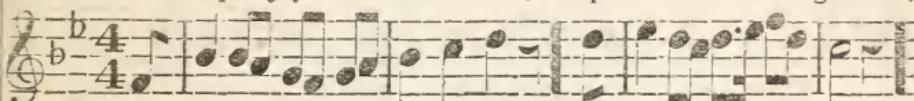
O, sinners, cast your weapons down,
Ye lukewarm, rouse! your folly own,
And chant aloud Jehovah's praise,
Who grants us these revival days.

What enmity we felt within;
Torture, and strife, the fruit of sin,
Ere our proud heart would stoop t'o-
And welcome this revival day. [bey,

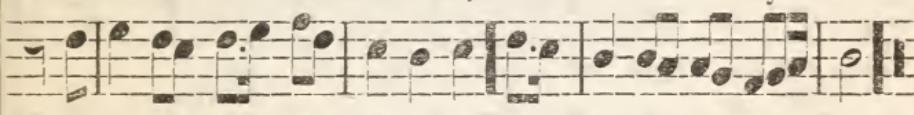
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in whom we all can trust,
Take not the heavenly Dove away,
Nor shorten this revival day.



1. Oh! land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome;



When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 This world's a wil-der ness of wo, This world is not my home.



3
 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam;
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

5
 When by afflictions sharply try'd,
 I view'd the gaping tomb;
 Although I dread death's chilling
 flood,

Yet still I sigh for home.

4
 I would at once have quit this place,
 Where foes in fury roam;
 But ah! my passport was not seal'd,
 I could not yet go home.

6
 Weary of wandering round and
 round,
 This vale of sin and gloom;
 I long to leave the unhallow'd ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.



1. Faint-ly as tolls The even-ing chime, Our



Thus as the stream of life runs fast, Soon,



FINE.



voic-es we tune To the fleet-ing time; Our

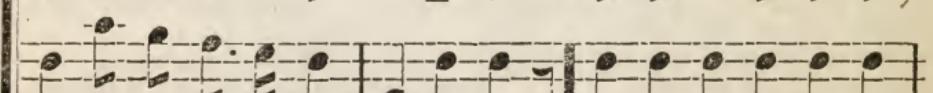
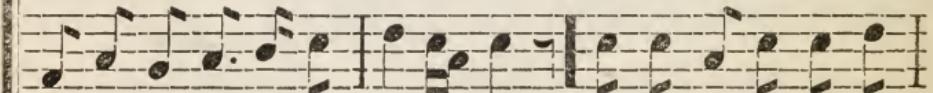


soon will the light of our day be past.

FINE.



voic-es we tune To the fleet-ing time; And as the woodlands A-



D. C.

round grow dim, We'll raise to heav'n our evening hymn.

D. C.

D. C.

2

Vainly we yet
 Our sail unfurl,
 There is not a breeze
 The blue wave to curl;
 But when faith shows
 The promis'd shore,
 Oh sweetly we'll rest
 Our weary oar.
 Thus while the stream, &c.

3

Eternity!—yon rising moon
 May see us float o'er thy surges soon!
 In that dread hour
 Lord, hear our prayer!
 Grant us the same haven
 Of bliss to share.
 Thus while the stream, &c.

The Savior. C. M.

From the Wesleyan Harp.

1. Come, heavenly love, inspire my song With thine immor-tal flame;

2. O, the rich depths of love di-vine! Of bliss, a boundless store!

And teach my heart, and teach my tongue, The Savior's love-ly name.

Dear Savior let me call thee mine, I can - not wish for more!

Here, pardon, life, and joys di-vine, In rich pro-fu - sion flow,

On thee a-lone my hope re-lies; Be -neath thy cross I fall;



PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

- 1 O For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

1. To - day the Sa - vior calls, Ye wand'fers come;
 O ye be - night-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls, O listen now:
 Within these sacred walls, To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls,
 For refuge fly:
 The storm of vengeance falls,
 Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day,
 Yield to his power;
 Oh grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

1
 To-day the Savior calls,
 Ye wand'fers come;
 O ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?

2

To-day the Savior calls,
 O listen now:
 Within these sacred walls,
 To Jesus bow.

3
 To-day the Savior calls,
 For refuge fly:
 The storm of vengeance falls,
 Ruin is nigh.

4

The Spirit calls to-day,
 Yield to his power;
 Oh grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

Take away this stony heart.

119

From the Sacred Minstrel, by permission.

1. Lord, hear a burden'd sinner mourn, Who gladly would to thee return;

2. 'Tis this hard heart I feel within, Which slights thy grace and cleaves to sin;

Thy tender mercies O im-part, And take away this sto-ny heart.

Sure 'tis of hell the counterpart; Lord, take away this sto-ny heart.

3 'Tis this hard heart, which day by day
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray,
Yea, would from every duty start;
Lord, take away this stony heart.

4 'Tis this hard heart, whose cursed snare,
Tempts me to pride, or to despair;
Oh, in me, Lord, thy power exert,
And take away this stony heart.

2/4

Christ is coming in the storm Working on the wreck his will.

2/4

When the anger wilts a-warm. Christ is coming in the still.

2/4

Whisper of his Spirit's love, Winning weeping souls a-bove.

2/4

1 Christ is coming!—in the storm
 Working on the wretch his will;
 When his anger waxeth warm.
 Christ is coming in the still
 Whispers of his Spirit's love,
 Winning weeping souls above.

2 Christ is coming!—yea, in clouds,
 Every eye shall see him then;
 Rising from their dusty shrouds
 On him is the gaze of men,
 Where the judgment throne is wheeled,—
 Where all secrets are revealed.

3 Christ is coming!—fleeing breath
 Shall his awful token be;
 Sinner, know! thy day of death
 Is the judgment day for thee!
 Who shall of the *future* year
 Talk, when *now* the Judge is here!

Son of God, thy blessing grant.

1 Son of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my every want;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed, } *Repeat.*
 With thy fruit my spirit feed.

2p Tenderest branch, alas! am I;
 Without thee I droop and die;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.

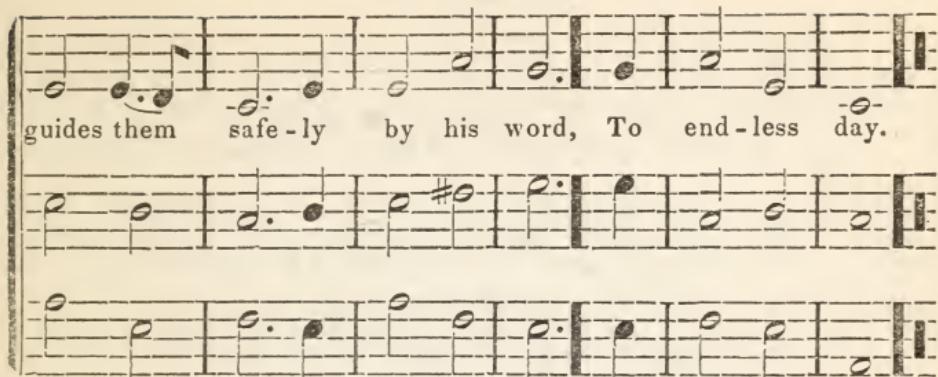
3 All my hopes on thee depend,
 Love me, save me to the end!
 Give me thy supporting grace—
 Take the everlasting praise.

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds, Through all the

world the ech - o bounds! And Je - sus, by re -

deem-ing blood, Is bring-ing sin - ners back to God, And

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and common time (indicated by a '4'). The middle staff is in G major (two sharps) and common time. The bottom staff is in G major (two sharps) and common time. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and bar lines. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the first line starting on the first staff, the second line on the second staff, and the third line on the third staff.



1

Hark! how the gospel trumpet
sounds,

Call to the Unconverted.

1

Thro' all the world the echo bounds, Hark! hark! the gospel trumpet
And Jesus, by redeeming blood, sounds,
Is bringing sinners back to God, Through earth and heaven the echo
And guides them safely by his word, bounds;
To endless day.

Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood!
Sinners are reconciled to God,

Sinners are reconciled to God,
By grace divine.

2

Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight
on,

And when the conquest you have
won,

Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,

No longer dare the grace refuse;

Mercy and justice here combine,

Goodness and truth harmonious join,

Goodness and truth harmonious join,

T 'invite you near.

3

There we shall in full chorus join,

With saints and angels all combine, Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;

To sing of his redeeming love, Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire:

When rolling years shall cease to move,

And this shall be the theme above,

In endless day.

Let both the Savior's love proclaim,

For ever worthy is the Lamb,

For ever worthy is the Lamb,

Of endless praise.

3

TUNE,—*Sweet Afton.*

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in G major (two sharps) with a treble clef, the middle part is in G major (two sharps) with a treble clef, and the bottom part is in G major (one sharp) with a bass clef. The time signature is common time (indicated by '3' over '4'). The music consists of eight staves of music, with lyrics provided for the first three staves. The lyrics are:

1. Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, And joy like the
sun-shine, will beam on thy road; And peace, like the dew-drops, shall
fall on thy head, And sleep, like an angel, shall vis-it thy bed.

- 1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew-drops, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

Delay not.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r, then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

Arranged and Adapted from Nageli, by S. Hill.

1. Children of Zi-on! what harp-notes are stealing, So soft o'er our senses, so

soothing - ly sweet. 'Tis the mu-sic of an-gels, their raptures re - vealing,

That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet. Chil-dren of Zion! we

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music is in common time, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics 'join in their welcome, 'Tis sweet to lie down at that blessed retreat.' are written below the staves.

1 Children of Zion ! what harp notes are stealing,
So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet.
'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet.
Children of Zion ! we join in their welcome,
'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed retreat.

2 Children of Zion ! no longer in sadness
Refrain from the feast that your Savior hath given
Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness
And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.
Children of Zion ! our hearts bid you welcome
To the church of the ransom'd, the kingdom of heaven

3 Children of Zion ! we joyfully hail you
Who've entered the sheep-fold through Jesus the door,
While pilgrims on earth, though the foe may assail you
Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er,
Children of Zion ! oh ! welcome, thrice welcome !
Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more.

SWEET PRAYER.

TUNE, *Sweet Home.***1**

When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues,
yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer; O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2

When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart,
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
Oh how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer, &c.

3

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
But looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer, &c.

4

While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams thro' no medium but this;
And till we the seraph's full extacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer, &c.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

TUNE, *Auld Lang Syne.***1**

Hail! sweetest dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one,
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given.
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven,
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2

What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot,
What! tho' beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot,
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3

From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4

No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows,
There friendship beams from every eye,
And home immortal grows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c



